

The rush to Oklahoma has ended; the rush from Oklahoma has begun.

The railroad business is increasing at an almost incredible rate of speed.

The grade crossing boasts a far more appalling record as a life-destroyer than lynamite.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker is said to favor the reduction of letter postage from two to one cent.

The Legislature of New Jersey reduced the legal rate of interest in that State from six to five per cent.

There has been a marked decrease in the Boulanger excitement at Paris since the General's exit from the scene.

The Chinese Minister at Washington has a great admiration for American women. He says they are the most beautiful in the world.

The once fighting Modoc Indians have become industrious farmers in the past twelve years, and half of them have professed Christianity.

According to Dr. Pliny Earle, the cure of insanity is becoming more and more difficult. It is said that less than thirty per cent. of the patients recover.

The New York Commercial Advertiser asserts that it is noted in Massachusetts that the prohibition amendment is the first constitutional amendment ever rejected in the State.

The Land Commissioner says there will be an interminable lot of land contests in Oklahoma, and that it will probably take many years to clear up the titles to much of the land which will be in dispute.

The Toronto (Canada) Mail says that owing to the prosperous condition of affairs in England at present, Sir George Stephen does not think there will be large emigration from that country this season.

It was a strange coincidence that forest fires were raging in many localities at a time when most of the States were about to celebrate Arbor Day. History points the moral of tree planting better than a hundred sermons.

A Minnesota man has set up a bear ranch, where he feeds cornmeal to the bears he traps just as he would do hog till they are in prime condition, when he slaughters them, and, besides selling the meat at high figures, gets a good many dollars for each of the pelts.

An interesting case is pending in the New York Supreme Court which involves \$200,000. Two little boys, who were heirs to a considerable fortune, were drowned while skating. The relative are now trying to prove which one died first, and upon this depends the settlement of the money.

Major Burke, the manager of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, says a seascald Indian is the drollest thing afloat. First he gets on his knees and sings a death chant. Then he dances a war dance. And finally lays himself down content to die in his moccasins, a thing every respectable, scalp-loving Indian abhors.

It is not often that such a little matter as three minutes stand between a man and the penitentiary. Yet that was the case in Toledo, Ohio, the other day, when it was shown that a theft was committed just that period of time before sunset, and hence was petty larceny not a burglary. Great is the ingenuity of the lawyer.

A \$100,000 mill, for the manufacture of sugar, salt and pepper, is now being built at Arkalon, Kan. For three months it will make sugar from sorghum, then work up the cane chips into paper, and the rest of the time turn out bushels and bushels of salt. To encourage sorghum sugar-making the Kansas Legislature has exempted all sugar plants from taxation until 1895.

The military authorities at Berlin are beginning to practically utilize the balloon for war purposes. At Tempelhof where the balloons are made, rope-maker are hard at work, and a tailor shop has been erected, where the balloons are cut and sewn. In another shop they are made waterproof and dried, and on a fine day a number of soldiers sit in front of the tents occupied in making nets.

The courts of Boston decided a day or two ago that the law could not permit a local collecting bureau to persecute delinquent debtors by sending after them agents gotten up as corpses in burlesque grave clothes. The notion was not only ingenious, but humorous as well, conveying a cheerful suggestion of pursuing the deadbeat even to the tomb. But some of the victims did not enjoy being followed around by imitation cadavers, and so the business was put a stop to.

THE SETTLING UP IS CERTAIN.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the account she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things had that a man has done,
By whosever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balances struck some night,

And you'll find your board reduced.
You'll view your life in another light,
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But God will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to come
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? You will lie there dumb.

While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face,
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God;
You must bear your sin or shame.

No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced,
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping tab,
And that chickens come home to roost.

—Ernest McGaffey, in *Inter-Ocean*.

THE THREE PASSENGERS.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

I entered the service of the United Company when only fourteen years of age. The United Company was an organization of English and Chinese capitalists at Shanghai which exported teas and other commodities. It had at one time eleven vessels, eight of which were small schooners and brigs, which were employed in visiting ports along the coast and various islands in the China Sea and Pacific Ocean. It is of my first trip I am going to tell you about.

I had run away to sea on a vessel bound from Liverpool to Shanghai, and had left her on arrival. I found that the Captain of the Silver Crown, one of the company's traders, was an old friend of my father's, and so it came about that I took service in the company under him with the rating of cabin boy. The Crown was a fine new fore-and-aft schooner, carrying a crew of eight men, all told. She had a native cook, but all the others were foreigners. The Captain, mate, and myself were English, two of the men Americans, and the other two were Swedes. While I rated as cabin boy, I had to assist in sailing the vessel, and was a sort of clerk to the Captain. The schooner carried a dozen muskets, a lot of boarding pikes, and half a dozen cutlasses as an armament, but everything was boxed up and stored away, if not forgotten. Captain Wharton had been in the service for six years, and had never met with any trouble.

When we got away it was with orders for the Philippine Islands, among which the company had many resident agents who collected products. Our course was to the southeast, to pass between Formosa and the Loo-Choo Islands, and we had made the run thus far without incident, when one day about noon a junk-rigged native craft, which doubtless came from some port in Formosa, intercepted us to the eastward of that island. We were about thirty miles off shore when she hailed us. She claimed to be short of water, owing to an accident; but this, as we afterward came to know, was only an excuse. When she found that we were bound to the Philippines she had three passengers to transfer. They were three natives of Formosa, who were going down there to form a colony, and would pay liberally for a passage by the schooner. They claimed to have contracted with the junk for the round trip, but she had sprung a leak and must return to port.

I am only giving you the gist of what was offered in excuse. We lay to for a couple of hours, and I heard only a part of what was said. It did not seem to strike Captain Wharton or Mate Williams as queer or suspicious, and after bargaining over terms for a while the three natives were transferred to our decks and the vessels separated. Then I had time to look the strangers over, and I was not long in concluding that I did not wish for an intimate acquaintance. They were a tough looking trio, and the cook had scarcely set eyes on them before he declared that we had made a great mistake in taking them aboard. We had no accommodations for them aft, and as the schooner was in ballast they had agreed to occupy the hold. This wasn't such a bad place with the hatches off, and they looked like fellows used to roughing it ashore and afloat.

I took an early opportunity of communicating my suspicions to the Captain, but he laughed at me in a good-natured way. I tried the mate, but he saw nothing to arouse distrust. It was singular, however, that every man of the crew outside of the two officers was satisfied that there was something wrong with the trio. While their excuse was reasonable enough, the looks and actions of the men were suspicious, and it was plain to all that they were sailors. They let us all severely alone except the Captain and the cook, and I called it to mind afterward that while one interested the former the other two were occupied with the latter. I could "chin-chin" a bit and the cook could speak a little English, and so we managed to understand each other pretty well. Three days after the men came aboard "Stop-Slip," as we called the cook, assured me with very serious face that the strangers were evil-minded men, who had planned to capture the schooner.

They had asked him to join them, and he had refused. I posted off to the Captain with the news, and he greeted it with contempt.

"If you and the cook have nothing better to do, I'll put you to rubbing the rust off the anchor chain," he gruffly replied.

The mate also laughed at me, but when I went quietly among the men every one of them was ready to believe. Each one had noticed something to arouse his suspicions, but in the absence of orders we could do nothing but wait for what might turn up.

We were getting well down toward the northernmost island of the group, when something happened which should have opened the Captain's eyes. The leader of the three borrowed the glasses and went up to the cross-trees of the mainmast and took a long look around. We saw the sailor in his every move, and he had not been down an hour when a native craft came creeping up from the south, bows on to us. She had a free wind, while we had been beating down all the forenoon. We were at this time forty or fifty miles to the northward of the group, with a beautiful afternoon and a smooth sea. Half an hour after the native craft had been sighted, one of the natives and the Captain retired to the cabin. Five minutes later the native showed his head above the deck and called to the mate, who had just come on watch. He disappeared down the companionway, and at the same time I entered the forecastle to look for something wanted. I was down there about five minutes. I heard no particular row on deck, but when I reappeared I was struck dumb by the spectacle. One of the natives was at the wheel, and was bringing the schooner into the wind to lie to. The decapitated bodies of the two Americans and the cook were lying amidships, while the two Swedes were at the forecast cross-trees. Not a shout had been raised nor a cry uttered. The work had been done with terrible rapidity and in silence.

As I reached the deck one of the natives came forward with a bloody crease in his hand and called me "good boy," and said I should not be hurt. He left me sitting on the windlass so scared and weak that I could not stand, and then assisted his companions to lower the sails. When this had been accomplished they called to the Swedes to come down. The poor fellows began crying and lamenting, and refused to descend. The natives picked up the bodies from the deck and tossed them overboard, and then descended to the cabin and brought up the bodies of Captain and mate and served them the same way. Both had been killed by the one native who enticed them down. About the time the last body was flung over the rail the native craft drew alongside. She had thirty men on board, all of whom seemed to know our three passengers and their plans. There was great rejoicing over the capture of the schooner, and for a quarter of an hour no one paid me any attention. Then there was a hot discussion, a part of the gang seeming anxious for my life, but the result was that I was conducted to the cook's galley and given to understand that I was to do the cooking. Although our cook was a Chinese they did not spare him. What saved me was my youth, or they might have planned to cut my throat after I had served their turn.

When my fate had been settled the Swedes were again ordered down. One of them descended, begging and pleading, but he was cut down the moment his feet touched the deck. The other refused to come down, and half a dozen natives ran up to the forecastle with knives in their hands. Before they could reach him the sailor made his way hand over hand along the triatic stay to the mainmast. His feat was greeted with applause, but others ascended, and there was no longer any hope for him. The poor fellow made the best defence possible, but they cut and hacked him until he lost his hold and fell to the deck. His body was thrown overboard, and about sundown the schooner, with twenty-five men, was headed for the Philippines. The rest of the gang, numbering seven or eight, followed with the native craft. I boiled a large quantity of meat and got the best supper possible, and was glad to find that no one gave me any attention.

We had a brisk wind all night and during the next forenoon, and at about 2 o'clock we reached an anchorage on the east side of the main island and within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The native craft passed us and entered the mouth of a river. From what I could gather she was going to bring out men and cannon to the schooner. A hunt was made through the schooner for gun carriages, and the discovery of the small arms seemed to put the fellows in good humor. There was about \$2500 in gold aboard in the cabin, and this was counted out and divided pro rata, or in some other satisfactory manner as we lay at anchor. Then I was ordered to draw a palful of wine from a cask in a sort of lazaretto or storeroom, reached from the galley. The cook might have known of the presence of the wine there, but I did not. I had never looked into the place. There was a tin pail, holding about ten quarts, in the galley, and this I filled and carried to the main hatch, with several glasses, and everybody proceeded to help himself. Now that we were at anchor all discipline had ceased, and one man was as good as another. They were prowling all over the schooner, and perfectly at home.

The wine must have tickled their palates mightily, for a second palful was soon demanded. It was while I was drawing it that I noticed the barrel had no bung in it, and I wondered why the wine had not soured. I retired to the galley as soon as I had filled the second order, and for half an hour there was a great deal of loud talk and laughter. All of a sudden, while I was reflecting on the situation, and perhaps reflecting a bit in my sorrow and anxiety, it struck me that things were wonderfully quiet. I looked out of the galley to see half a dozen figures lying on the deck, and later on, when I had summoned courage to walk the length of the schooner, I found every man aboard apparently asleep. Their breathing was labored, but I supposed

this was the result of too much drink. The night had come down dark and gusty, with the wind directly off shore, and as the sleepers continued to lie quiet some strange ideas came to me. I was tempted to take one of my knives and begin killing, but I doubted my nerve. The yawl was at the davits, and I planned to lower it and let the breeze carry me out to sea. I held to this idea for a few minutes, and then surrendered it for another. I would swim ashore and hide in the forest. I had to abandon that scheme as well, for I saw at a glance that the tide was running out strong. I was wondering if I should not start a fire in the fore-cabin or cabin when I discovered that the craft was under way. She had her light anchor out and had been tugging heavily under the tide and gust. The chain had ground off against some sharpened rock or the pin had slipped from a shackle. It was probably the latter case, as I heard a splash as the end of the chain falling from the hawse hole. She drove off stern first and then, as she began to swing about, I stepped softly back to the wheel, put it over to get her off, and then extinguished the two lanterns on deck and the lamp in the cabin. I am not boasting of my nerve in stepping over the sleepers to do this work or of my sagacity in getting the idea. I was working like one in a dream and could hardly have identified myself.

What occurred between the time I put out the lights and daylight next morning, I never can clearly remember. The schooner took care of herself for any effort of mine, and I think I went into the galley and crept behind the stove. At least I crawled out of that contracted space soon after daylight, in response to a call. I suppose I was called to prepare breakfast for the pirates, but I was no sooner out of the galley than I saw a large ship hove to a quarter of a mile away, while one of her boats, with five men in it, was alongside the schooner. I must have looked and acted like a stupid, for a couple of men came over the rail one of them gave me a hearty shaking and growled out:

"You idiot, can't you get your mouth open?"

There were twenty-five men lying on the decks and in the cabin sound asleep. No! Dead! Every one of them dead and cold, and I the only living thing aboard. It took some time to explain matters and get at all the particulars, but with what I could tell them and what they could see it finally became plain to all. That barrel of wine had been dosed with some deadly drug. The cook must have done it previous to the attack, or the bung had been left out by another, and some poisonous reptile had crept in to die. No one could tell for certain, but the drinkers were all dead, and all had died in sleep. The ship was English, and the schooner was over thirty miles off the land. One of H. M. men-of-war, assisted by a civil functionary, attempted an investigation, but nothing came of it. Our crew had been slaughtered and the schooner captured, but she had recaptured herself and brought off twenty-five corpses. Not a living man could ever be found among the islands who would acknowledge that he had ever seen the schooner, much less participated in her capture. —*New York Sun*.

The Loving Memory of Dogs.

The late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog, which was very much attached to him, at the country-house of a friend while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years Mr. Eyre returned, arriving at his friend's house late at night, and retiring without having the dog called.

Next morning, Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog bursting into his bedroom and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

"How on earth did he know I had arrived?" asked the gentleman of the servant, who brought hot water.

"Oh, sir," the man replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots the dog recognized them and became excited beyond measure, and I have not been able to quiet him until he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed up along with me to your door."

A correspondent of the same English paper relates that he gave way, at a year old, a dog which he was unable to keep in his London home. After eight years the dog was returned to its first owner.

"The dog met me," says the correspondent, "at first as a stranger, and then, with little animated sniffs of inquiry, going round and round me. I remained still for a few moments, while she grew more and more excited. At last I stooped and patted her, and called her by her name: 'Dee'."

"On hearing my voice the poor beast gave what I can only describe as a scream of rapture and jumped into my arms. From that moment she attached herself to me as if she had never left me, and with the tenderest devotion." —*Zephyrus*.

A Family of Age and Weight.

Three brothers were in New Brunswick, N. J., recently, who show a heavy aggregate in height, age and size. They are Captain Samuel Acken, who is 6 feet 6½ inches in height, seventy-six years of age, and weighs 240 pounds; William Acken, of Metuchen, who is 6 feet 3 inches in height, eighty-six years of age, and weighs 220 pounds, and Henry Acken, of Raritan, who measures 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 300 pounds, and is eighty-four years of age. The joint weight of these Middlesex brothers is, therefore, 660 pounds, their total height 18 feet 11½ inches, and their combined ages amount to 246 years. What is equally noticeable is the fact that the Acken family is a family of giants, among the younger as well as the older generations. Freeholder Acken is the biggest official in Middlesex County and stands head and shoulders over the other members of the Board, and there are many young men and boys, all of whom are tall, and most of whom are as remarkable in weight as in height. —*New York Times*.

The British Government will devote \$60,000,000 to the improvement of the national defenses.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

POLISHING FLOORS.

A simple method of cleaning and polishing floors is to rub them every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is soaked in paraffin every fortnight or so. After wiping well with the cloth, brush briskly up and down the planks with a stiff broom, and after a few days of this treatment the floor will take and retain an admirable polish.

RUFFALO CARPET BEETLE.

It is reported that stripes of flannel dipped in solution of white arsenic and placed under the edge of a carpet are sure death to the Buffalo carpet beetle. I doubt if any one knows this, says Professor A. J. Cook in the *New York Tribune*. In many cases the flannel would not be eaten, and unless eaten it would be harmless to the beetles. That it would be liable to be eaten, and if eaten would surely destroy the beetles, there is no question. It would be easy to try it; and if very cautiously done could be safe. All who handle white arsenic, however, should remember that it looks very much like soda, baking powder, and other articles of the pantry, and is a virulent poison. I should not fear to try this myself; but I do hesitate to recommend it to others.

ARTICLE FOR A SICK ROOM.

For a sick room, the sand bag is invaluable. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag, about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand; sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed. —*The Pilot*.

HOW TO WASH SILK STOCKINGS.

Do your silk stockings ever get spoiled in the wash? Have them done at home and make the maid follow these directions, advises an English correspondent: "No soap must be rubbed on the articles. Before commencing have ready two hot irons and two pans of water. In one pan pour hot water, and in the other cold, adding a wineglass of common vinegar to each. Make the hot water into a creamy lather of suitable consistency, from the recipe given for 'soup jelly.' Wash each stocking separately in the hot water, and rub carefully, commencing at the toe. Squeeze it out, place it in the rinse-water, and leave it until the next one is finished. Now squeeze them out of the rinse-water, but on no account wring them. Roll separately in a dry cloth. Now take the stockings, iron them, each on the wrong side and finish them on the right, taking care to leave no creases. If these instructions are properly carried out, you may wash with safety the most brilliant colors. For the 'soap jelly,' take half a pound of yellow soap and shave it finely into a saucepan with one quart of water. Stand it by the fire until it simmers, and let it remain until cold, when it will have the appearance of a stiff jelly. —*Philadelphia Press*.

STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries are not only delicious, served fresh with sugar and cream, but can be prepared in a variety of ways that will make them acceptable every day during the season. The following ways for serving them, recommended by the *Courier-Journal*, will be found excellent and sufficiently varied to suit the tastes of all:

Croutons of Strawberries—Cover a tablespoonful of gelatine with cold water and let soak half an hour, then add to it half a cup of boiling water and stir until it dissolves. Stone a quart of strawberries, dip each one in the gelatine and press them against the sides of a mold. Fill the center with charlotte russe and set aside to harden.

Strawberry Sponge—Cover half a box of gelatine with a little cold water, let soak and pour in a pint of boiling water; add a cup of sugar and stir until it thickens; add a pint of strawberry juice and strain in a tin pan; set in ice until thick. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and add; put in a fancy mold to harden. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream—Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cup of cold water and soak half an hour; mash a quart of strawberries and pour through a sieve; add a cup of sugar and stir until dissolved; stand the gelatine over boiling water and strain it into the strawberry juice; mix, pour in a tin pan, set on ice to cool, let thicken, and stir in a pint of whipped cream; mix carefully, pour in a mold and set in a cold place to harden.

Strawberry Tapioca—Wash a cup of tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and soak overnight. In the morning put it on the fire with a pint of boiling water, and simmer until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Steam a quart of strawberries and stir them into the boiling tapioca; sweeten to taste. Take from the fire, pour in a deep dish, and set aside to cool. Serve cold with sugar and whipped cream.

Strawberry Short Cake—Steam a quart of ripe strawberries, sweeten and mash. Rub two ounces of butter into a quart of flour, add a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and sufficient milk to make a soft dough; mix quickly, roll out about an inch and a half thick, put in large square pan well greased, bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. When done, take from the oven, split in halves and spread each lightly with butter. Place one-half on a large dish, cover with half the berries, put the other half of the cake on top, spread the remaining berries over this; pour whipped cream around and serve.

A racy remark—"Go!"

THE GREATER WORLD.

When you forget the beauty of the scene
Where you draw breath and sleep,
Leave city walls for gleams of sky that lean
To hills where forests creep.

The heights, the fields, the wide-winged air
Make the embracing day;
Not city streets. That little life of care
Steals our great joys away.

Live with the spaces, wake with bird and cloud,
Spread sentiment with the elm;
Our home is nature, even to the proud
Arcs of the sunset's realm.

Shun any scene God made is glorious!
Breath deep and smile again.
The glow and noble dusk, victorious,
Disperse regrets and pain.
—*Rose H. Lathrop, in Scribner*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Fish are not weighed in their own scales.

A stock operation—Milking the cows. —*Merchant Traveler*.

Speaking of book-binding, dictionaries ought to be spell-bound.

The blacksmith ought to be able to give a shoer tip on horses.

The polecat has only one life, but the other eight are not missed.

Charged with electricity—The subscribers to the Bell telephone.

Wisp of straw by the hay scales are bits that have fallen by the weigh side.

It takes a good many strikes to make a base-ball match go off well. —*Siftings*.

The fidelity of adversity is exemplified by the manner in which poverty sticks to the poet.

The young idea may sometimes be best taught to shoot by putting it through a course of sprouts.

An "octave" dinner is the latest fashionable craze. The guests arrive after everything is ate up.

Down on the Rio Grande a horse thief stole a runaway mule that nobody else could catch. —*Siftings*.

Little drops of water,
Little lumps of coal,
Take their occupations
From the boring stock.

Some people are called weak-minded because it takes them at least seven days to make up their minds. —*Somerville Journal*.

Ordinarily the ministers create the Benedicts, but at the White House the Benedicts create the ministers. —*Hotel Mail*.

When a young man proposes and is accepted he rings the girl's hand. If he is refused he wrings his own hands. —*Statesman*.

Berlin is a bad place to choose for an important conference, for it is a notorious fact that its inhabitants are always on the spree. —*Baltimore American*.

The doctor sits in his office chair,
A paradox, strange to see,
For though he is patient in waiting a call,
Yet, out of patients he is.

Jings—"Chops is all broke up. The sheriff has just seized his meat market." Jungs—"Is that so? I saw him this morning, and I thought he looked as if he'd lost flesh." —*Lowell Citizen*.

A ship and a baker are much alike;
Would you know the reason why?
The first you see has a pilot on board,
And the last has a lot of pie.

Sir Rotten Rowe—"I thought you didn't have bishops sitting in the American Senate?" Mr. Madison Squeer—"We don't." Sir Rotten Rowe—"Then who does the confirmations the papers speak of?" —*Puck*.

HOW SHE DROVE THE NAIL.

She hit the nail a fearful whack—
I mean to say, she tried;
She bathed her thumb with ammonia,
And then sat down and cried.

She (at a party)—"Did that rich bachelor, Captain Rudder, get his title in the army?" He—"Guess not. A few moments ago I saw him duck his head when the servant announced Mr. Lowbridge." —*Philadelphia Record*.

Angling for Pie.—Mrs. Salstonhall (of Boston)—"Tommy, will you have a piece of mince pie?" Tommy Beaconstreet (who is taking dinner out)—"Yes'm, and I trust that your appointment will be commensurate with my esteem for yourself." —*Burlington Free Press*.

Young Mr. Brokaw (who believes in doing everything in a business-like way). —"Miss Southmayd, I am matrimonially inclined. You are my choice above all women. I desire to marry you. Is it a go?" Miss Southmayd (freelyzing)—"Yes, sir. There is the door." —*Burlington Free Press*.

"I think that armchair is a beauty," said the old man, who was in the parlor with his daughter and her young man; "it looks almost large enough to hold two." "O, yes, sir," spoke up the young man, "it is plenty large enough." And then he relaxed into a state of innocuous desuetude, while his blushing turned the ice water on the table into a bright cochineal red. —*Lawrence American*.

GUINEA COWS.

Lowndes County, Ga., produces a little cow which is indeed a curiosity. It is the same distance in height, length and width, and is supported by legs not more than twelve inches in length. It bears the name of the guinea cow. The first were brought here from Spain by an old Spaniard who came to this country before the war. The cow is very small and chunky, but it keeps rolling fat on almost nothing, and is a splendid milker, the average giving from three to three and a half gallons of milk per day. Mr. R. L. Stapler has a herd of fifty perfect little beauties. He disposes of young cows for \$100 each, which almost equals the price paid for Jerseys. While their milk is not so rich as the Jersey, the people there prefer the guinea. —*Atlanta Constitution*.

Over \$2,000,000 are paid annually into Philadelphia church treasuries for pew rents in the different houses of worship.